

Sometimes the Stars Just Don't Align by maraudersdrarry

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Summary:

Will was in love with Mike. Mike was in love with Eleven. But sometimes things just happen.

1. 1

"It's your last first day of school, you are not exiting this house until I get a picture," Joyce Byers said to Will. Will indulged her, and smiled for a few photographs. He was about to leave when he was met with a tight hug from his mother.

"I'm so proud of you," she said, her voice cracking. "You made it through so much, and I'm so happy for you,"

Will was happy to share a moment of tenderness with his mom, he too was feeling the same way. His last first day of school. Then after the year, he was off to who knows where.

They hugged for a moment more, then Joyce pulled away, and let her son go. They had a deal this year, that Will could drive to school if he called when he got there. Will, glad to not have to be driven by his mom, or take the bus, was untroubled with their agreement.

As Will drove, his thoughts went immediately to one thing- well one person.

Mike Wheeler.

Will hadn't seen him all summer. Mike and his family had taken a trip to Europe, and now, Will's heart sped up thinking about seeing him again. Will had practice in controlling his emotions, from years of therapy, but for the life of him, he could not control what he felt for Mike Wheeler. There's no other word for it but love.

Will Byers was head over heels in love with Mike Wheeler. And he had been for years.

Will turned into the school parking lot and pulled into a space. He called his mom, then once he was off the phone, he took a breath, grabbed his bag, and got out.

The rush of people hugging their friends and stride into school, some happy, some reluctantly, carried Will into Hawkins High School.

Will glanced at a nearby clock. He had fifteen minutes before first

period, so he started walking towards the usual morning meeting spot of him, Dustin, Lucan, Eleven, and Mike. When he got there (under the stairs going from the art hall to up to the music hall) he was alone.

Two minutes later, Mike barreled into Will, wrapping him in a bear hug. Will blushed.

"I missed you! How was your summer?" Mike asked, but Will didn't get to respond because Mike spotted Eleven approaching, and he practically pounced on her and then they were kissing. Will looked away. Mike whispered something to El, something about missing her the most, and how he loved her, and then turned back to Will, his hand in El's.

Will smiled meekly.

"So what shenanigans did you two and the others get into without me?"

They talked for a bit, and Mike gave Dustin a hug when he arrived, and when Lucas and Max got there minutes before the bell, disheveled, Mike teased them, but gave them both hugs as well.

They all parted ways for class, except for Mike and Will, who shared the first period. Mike spoke as they were walking.

"I really did miss you, Will."

"I missed you too,"

"Aw, how did I ever go three months without you," said Mike as he threw his arm around Will's shoulders like he always did. And like always, Will's heart sped up from the simple touch.

They arrived at their class, and took seats next to each other. Immediately their Spanish teacher directed her attention to them.

"de ninguna manera. No way, you two. I'm not having you sit next to each other all year. I'm not making the same mistake. Move seats."

The boys knew not to argue, so they moved away from each other

upset, but amused.

Will was used to spending lunches watching Mike and Eleven flirt, and kiss, and in general be sickeningly sweet, so the break he gets from that when Mike has too many stories to share from his trip to have time to whisper quietly with Eleven, or nuzzle his nose into her neck is a big relief. Maybe Will was a bad person for thinking it, but he reveled in the hurt look on El's face when Mike doesn't kiss her first thing when he sat down. Instead, he launched into a story about how he and Nancy got stuck on the top of the London Eye.

It's like that all week. Mike seems to want to spend more time as a group, instead of alone with Eleven. Will feels lucky, because he finally feels equal to El, and finally not a second choice to Mike. All this joy blows up in his face the next week when he's doing homework in his room.

It was nearly midnight, Will was about to finish the assignment he was working on, when he heard a knock at his window. His first emotion was fear. Big, heart-pounding, paralyzing fear. His blinds were drawn and he had no idea what was outside his window. He was taken back to the Bad Years and he couldn't breathe. But then a voice came from outside his window. A voice that was crying. The voice of Mike Wheeler.

"Will please open up. I need you."

Will felt terrible because the delight of being "needed" overpowered the pain over his best friend crying at his window. Will opened the blinds, then the window, and Mike collapsed into his arms, a sobbing mess.

Will brought Mike over to his bed and sat him down, still holding him. All the joy left his body, he did not feel good for being needed, because he had never seen Mike like this, and he never wanted to again.

"Mike, what is it?" Will asked stroking Mike's hair.

"Eleven," was all Mike said. It had been a while since Will had heard Mike use her full name.

"Oh gosh, is she okay?"

"She-" And Mike broke down into a fresh fit of sobs. Will just held him, and stroked his head and whispered that it would all be okay, until Mike finally opened up.

"She wants to take a break. A long one. 'until I figure out if I need her or not'. And that means we're done. The love of my life. It's over," Mike was calming down. Tears were still flowing, but he was no longer sobbing.

Will didn't say anything because his heart was beating out of his chest. Was he being naive or did this mean he may have a chance with the love of *his* life? He knew it was not the time to think about it, but there was a small part of Will that was glad Mike wasn't with El anymore. He took a breath and then spoke, picking his words carefully.

"I'm so sorry, Mike. Is there anything else I can do?"

Mike pulled back from their embrace.

"Just-" Mike paused for a second. "let me stay with you. Please."

"Of course."

Mike laid down in Will's bed, and Will laid down next to him.

"Just like the old days," Mike said as he laughed through his tears. "Remember we used to have sleepovers just the two of us. I lived for those days. Thank you, Will. For this, and for just being a great guy."

Just being a great guy.

Mike started breathing evenly and Will knew he had fallen asleep. Will allowed himself three minutes to look at how Mike's curls fell on his face, and how his lips were slightly open, and how his long eyelashes twitched, and then Will turned away from him and fell asleep, not before a single tear rolled down his face.

2. 2

The next week was hard for Will. Mike was devastated, he steered clear of the group, and so did Eleven. When Will did get to see Mike, he was distant. Will missed Mike's laughter, the way his eyes crinkled when he smiled, and simple touches- an arm around Will's shoulder, brushing into each other- all of that was gone. Mike was not himself. Will and the others tried to get through to him by taking him out, but Mike remained unhappy.

On Tuesday night, Will was met with knocking on his window once again, but this time he wasn't afraid. He just went over and opened it, and there was Mike. Mike was in a t-shirt and sweatpants and he was holding a bag. His hair was messy, and he had prominent bags under his eyes. Mike climbed through the window and sat on the floor. Without a word he opened the bag and pulled out a bottle of vodka.

"Drink with me?" He asked.

Will sighed, and went to sit beside Mike.

Mike reached into his bag and pulled out two shot glasses.

Soon, they were both drunk, and Mike was finally laughing. He had done almost 12 shots. Will had tried to stop him, but Mike hadn't budged. He said he was going to be "blackout drunk no matter what you do, Byers" and Will had just joined in, getting up to seven shots himself.

Will knew what kind of drunk Mike was, they had gone to enough parties together for him to know. He was one that talked and talked and talked no matter the consequences, his filter completely gone.

"Fuck, Will," Mike said as he laid down on his back.

"What?"

"I'm drunk," And the boys erupted into fits of giggles, that statement being the funniest in the world.

Then Mike all of a sudden stopped laughing.

"Will," he said.

"Yeah?"

Mike sat up.

"I'm really sad. I miss El. She's the perfect girl for me, and I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do. I need something. A distraction. Anything, but something to distract me because alcohol isn't working."

There were a few things that made Will do it. First, he was drunk, his judgment was clouded. Second, he thought he was the perfect distraction. Third, he was just hopelessly in love.

Will leaned in and kissed Mike.

Mike pulled away.

"Distracting," he whispered, and then put his hands on Will's face and kissed back.

They made-out for ten minutes, and then Will pulled away.

"I love you so much, Mike," And he went back in to kiss him again, but Mike pulled away before their lips touched.

Mike slurred his words.

"Wh- what are you talking about?"

Will felt his chest contract.

"Nothing, I mean, like, a friend. And I'm sorry you're hurting."

Mike looked away and his phone went off. The boys jumped.

"Shit, it's my mom. I have to go," said Mike, and in seconds he grabbed his stuff and was out the window.

Will got into pajamas and climbed into bed. Only some time ago he had shared the bed with Mike. Will had to process what just happened. They kissed- for a long time- and then Will had confessed

his love? And then Mike left. Fuck. Will jumped out of bed and ran to the bathroom. He threw up everything.

~

The next day, unknown to each other, neither boy went to school.

~

Thursday was bad. Will desperately wanted to talk to Mike alone, but he got no chance. Mike was acting like nothing happened, and every time Will was about to bring it up, class started, or Lucas, or Dustin, or Max joined in on the conversation.

The final bell ringed, and Will ran to Mike's car and waited for him.

"Get in, we need to talk," Will said when Mike finally showed.

Mike unlocked his car, and they climbed in.

"Last night," said Will.

Mike laughed. "I don't remember anything, I was so drunk."

Will felt his heart contract.

"Oh, well have a nice evening," he said. Will got out and practically ran to his car. When he got in, the tears came. He sat in the school parking lot for twenty more minutes and cried his heart out.

~

Things went back to how they were. Mike was slowly recovering, and the group was there for him, but Will was no different.

~

Until Saturday, when Mike knocked on Will's window yet again. And yet again, he brought alcohol, and yet again they got drunk.

"I thought I was feeling better, Will, but I'm lying. I feel weird, and like I'm a liar,"

"Mike you take all the time you need, we aren't judging you,"

"I'm a liar,"

"You're in pain, and you'll make it through. I lo- we all love you, and we're here for you,"

"Thanks, Will," Mike said as he wrapped Will in a hug. "I gotta go, but we're going to the lake tomorrow with everyone, yeah?"

"Yeah," said Will. Mike released him, and disappeared out Will's window.

~

Mike picked up Will at noon the next day. They were off to the lake, and the others were going to meet them there. They pulled into the parking lot, but Mike didn't turn the car off.

"Hey, Will," Mike said, his hands clenching the steering wheel tightly. Will turned to look at him. "Thank you. For last night. For what you said, it- it meant a lot to me."

"That's weird," said Will. "You did the same amount of shots as last week, but you don't remember last week."

Mike turned towards Will.

"It's because I'm a fucking liar," said Mike, and he pulled Will in by the t-shirt and kissed him.

~

Throughout the day with the others, they were giddy with newfound attraction. They brushed hands and arms as much as they could, and they shared soft smiles and eyebrow raises with each other.

When Will finally got home, late- he had spent hours with Mike after everyone split up, they had laid in the sand alone holding hands, sharing the occasional kiss- he had never slept better.

3. 3

The next day, Monday, it seemed like Mike forgot everything. There was no hand brushing, or shared glances. If anything there was avoided touches and glances. Will was dumbfounded. Did he dream his time with Mike? Why was he avoiding this?

This time, Will didn't want to confront him. It was so easy to slip back into Will and Mike- best friends, and nothing more- that Will didn't want to disrupt it.

"Okay, guys," said Mike. Mike, Will, Lucas, Dustin, and Max were at lunch, and Mike had just thrown down a notebook. "Time for operation get-Eleven-back-with-Mike,"

Will was smiling with the others, but his insides felt frozen.

"You're such an asshole, Mike. She broke up with you, she doesn't want to be with you," said Lucas.

"Technically, they're 'on a break' so get it right," said Max.

"Technically, I don't care," said Lucas, and Max took her hand out of his.

"Babe, I'm kidding."

Max glared at him.

"I love you,"

Max smiled and kissed him on the cheek. They were holding hands again.

"This isn't about your stupid relationship, you dicks, it's about mine," Mike said.

"Uh, what relationship," said Dustin, and everyone laughed. Except for Mike. And Will.

"This is serious, guys," said Mike.

"Totally, I'm taking it very seriously," said Lucas, still laughing.

"Fuck you guys," said Mike as he crossed his arms.

"Lighten up," said Dustin. "But, like, what do you want us to do?"

"Help me win her back!"

"It might help if you stopped lying to yourself and all your friends," Will snapped, and he grabbed his stuff and left.

~

Will skipped the rest of the day. He drove to the lake him and Mike were at and drew shapes in the sand as he sat there.

Eventually, he got a call from his mom, and went home. He sat silently through dinner despite his mother's attempts to get him to talk.

What he needed was completely biased advice, from someone that would absolutely be on his side, so he called his brother.

Jonathan picked up after three rings.

"Hello?"

"I need help," said Will.

"Woah, what is it, are you okay?"

Everyone in his family always went to life and death situations.

"I'm fine. Well, I guess not really," Will took a deep breath. "I'm in love with Mike."

There was a moment of silence on the line, and then a response that shocked Will.

"I know."

"You- you- what?"

"I knew probably before you knew," said Jonathan. "It was always different with you and Mike."

"Different?"

"Yeah, you guys were just closer, and cared about each other in different ways than you cared about Dustin and Lucas."

"Yeah, well he doesn't care about me."

"Of course he does, why do you say that?"

Will switched the phone to his other ear.

"We- we kissed. Twice. And both times he pretended nothing happened after. And now he's trying to get back together with Eleven."

Jonathan was silent.

"See! You agree with me," said Will.

"No, I don't! I'm thinking," Jonathan spoke slowly. "I think he is scared and confused. And probably guilty because he's realizing his feelings for you, but he's dealing with also having feelings for Eleven. I think you need to give him time."

"I kind of wanted you to say he's an asshole," said Will.

"Well, that too!"

They both laughed and then there was a silence for a moment.

"Thank you, Jonathan. I feel a lot better," said Will, and he did feel a little better, but he still wanted to strangle Mike to death a little. But he also still wanted to kiss him. It was a great conundrum.